

# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

## An Encyclopedia Party

Did you ever go to one? It is really lots of fun if you have someone like Aunt Vera to choose the subjects.

Nora is one of her small nieces and she told her she might invite some of her boy and girl chums for a certain Saturday night when she was going to give an Encyclopedia Party. Nora said no one would come if she told them the awful truth, and Aunt Vera said she might disguise it if she would, but that it wasn't as bad as it sounded. They all came, anyway, and Aunt Vera asked them to draw lots for slips of paper.

Elva found on hers just the one word: "Water-Soldier," with some numbers. She was asked to find a certain volume in the Encyclopedia which would tell her who she was and all about herself. This she was to put down on a sheet of paper and when her name was called she was to answer "present," and tell the rest what she had discovered. A prize would go to the girl or boy giving the most interesting description of themselves.

And she had twenty minutes given to her to find out what a Water-Soldier was. She found two hard words to begin with, "Stratiotes Aloides," which appeared to be another name for the thing, but she understood why the water plant was called a soldier when she came to "sword-like leaves."

There in a sort of rosette project above the surface of the water when the plant is in flower in the spring time. All during the winter the young rosettes lie at the bottom of the water.

Before she knew what she was doing Elva found herself reading a lot of very interesting things about other water plants of the particular order to which the Water-Soldier belonged, but she had to hurry to write about herself.

When Rodney was called upon to introduce himself he said he was one of the Water-Babies. He thought probably everyone knew how nice he was. If they had ever read what Charles Kingsley had to say about him, he seemed to have been awfully interested in children and he had written some books that Rodney himself liked tremendously—"Westward Ho," "Hereward the Wake," and "Hypatia."

He had written a book of Greek Fairy Tales called "The Heroes," and Natural History seemed to have been one of his hobbies. "Madam How and Lady Why" was one of the books in which he told about nature in an interesting way.

"One thing I liked about Kingsley," said Rodney, "when I read about him just now, was that he had a hot temper and yet controlled it splendidly; everyone seemed to love him because he made himself tender and gentle."

Nora was a Water-Sapphire. She said it was awfully nice to be able to say how pretty she was. No, she didn't grow in the water, but she was found near it, a pebble in the sands of Ceylon, for instance. "I told you her other name and that meant violet colored. This particular mineral, I told, was sometimes cut into gems. Deep blue, pale blue, yellowish-grey in its uncut form, her shade varied as the gem was cut. If fashioned in a certain way she might be sapphire of the translucent shade of water. If in another, she was "Lynx-sapphire," a darker shade. Anyway, she was very glad to be a gem.

Billy grinned all over. "I'm no pretty little jewel," he said, "and I may not look like a Lily, but I am one. 'Water Lily.' You've guessed wrong—I'm a Water-Cabbage. You can cook me if you like but it's a sure thing you won't eat me for supper. I'm a good deal like Elva's Water-Soldier, but I belong to the Lily family, and my first cousin is Jack-in-the-Pulpit. I spent most of my time reading about him. His little hobby is using the hairs in his throat for catching

flies, they can get in but they can't get out. His berries are poisonous, but they used to use his root for making 'Portland arrowroot.' Funny, isn't it to think you may have eaten some of it when you were babies!

"I'm awfully good at hide-and-seek," said Margaret. "You can find me by rivers in China. I lie there hidden by the reeds and the long grass and they call me the 'Water Deer.' But I don't have antlers, although one of my teeth is as sharp as a tusk to make up for it. I'm hard to see and harder to catch."

Aunt Vera said she was the "Water



Nora Was A Water Sapphire.

Buffalo," living in the Philippines; when they tamed her they made her work very hard as a beast of burden, but one thing she absolutely refused to do was to work during the heat of the day. "I am a wonderful swimmer and can make my way easily through the worst rapids."

When Fat Tommy Barnes said he was a Water-Flax everyone laughed. "I've just got one black eye," he said, "but then I'm really one-half of an inch in length and my body is in a transparent shell with two valves. I swim with my branched antennae."

"Well, I'm the best of all," said Bob. "I'm the Water-Boatman. My friend the Water-Flax uses his front hairs, I think he said. Look at me, my hind legs, when I'm resting stick out on either side of my body just like a pair of oars. I can swim upside down and the hairs on my legs catch bubbles of air which help me to breathe."

Aunt Vera had an awfully hard time deciding which was the winner, but she gave one of them a lovely hyacinth growing in a glass made for such bulbs, filled with water. Now who do you think should have got it?

### DANCING.

LOVE to dance along the street, And up and down the stairs; Around the stove and in the grove And in and out the chairs.

My twinkle toes are full of fun, My heels are full of fun, They make me smile for all the while, They keep me on the run.

So down the hill I'll dance today, A merry little sprite, And back again this evening when I know it's coming night.

## TOADSTOOL AND DAISIES

ONCE upon a time—in the long, long ago when fairies rode upon the breeze and slept under the petals of flowers—a toadstool stood in a field of daisies. But it was not an ordinary toadstool; and the two daisies growing close beside it were not ordinary either.

Of course, to look at them, you would have imagined they were; for they looked in no way different from others of their kind in the same field. And yet—would you believe it!—the two daisies were the fair Princesses Alma and Alna and the Toadstool was their brother, Prince Alba.

You must pronounce their names wicked wand, had changed the Princesses into daisies and the Prince into a toadstool. But—now remember this—the wicked Witch had been so enraged when she worked her spell that she failed to note where she had placed the two daisies and the toadstool. She had spoken the words that brought the change about but had not said where the Princesses and the Prince, in their new forms, should grow. And of course, the "spell" being complete, not even she herself could do it over again or change it.

The King and the Queen sent their soldiers and courtiers to all parts of the kingdom to search for the children; and they offered chests full of gold and jewels and precious stones as a reward to anyone who would find the children and bring them back to the palace. But alas! to no avail, for of course no one even thought of looking for the Princesses and the young Prince in such commonplace things as daisies and toadstools.

That is, no one except a certain Good Fairy who spent her days in trying to undo the evil the Wicked Witch was continually working. And not even she could have found them—among all the daisies and all the toadstools in the kingdom—had it not been for Butterfly who, in flitting about from flower to flower, had discovered the secret and had told her exactly where they could be found.

But even then the Good Fairy was powerless to undo the "spell." She could, however, by working "good magic," fix it so that every evening the fair Princesses could thrust their pretty faces out through the center of the daisies and talk a short while with their brother who came out of the toadstool—but, in so strange a form that at first his sisters had not recognized him.

He didn't look like their brother at all; and the first time they saw him they were frightened, for he was dressed in a garment of green moss that covered his body completely; and he wore a skull cap made of leaves pasted together, and—more terrifying than all else—two slender horns grew straight out from just above his eyes, and curled up at their ends in a funny fashion. They didn't recognize him until he spoke.

To see the brother and his sisters talking was impossible for mortal eyes, of course, but he would climb up on top of the toadstool and sit there while the Princesses, their fresh faces

shining out between the petals of the daisies would bend down and eagerly whisper to him. They spoke of their father and mother and wept; but they still hoped that some day relief would come.

One sunny afternoon the Wicked Witch came walking through the field in search of mushrooms with which to make a stew for herself and her favorite cat and broomstick (indeed, yes, indeed witches do have to feed their cats and broomsticks!) She was in a great rage about something and she walked along tramping down every flower and shrub in her path. Of course, you will remember, she had no idea she was in the field with the Princesses and the Prince.

Suddenly she espied the Toadstool. "Ah!" she cried. "A fine mushroom for my supper!" And, with that, she pounced down upon it and jerked it from its resting place in the warm earth—but not before Prince who had heard her coming had wriggled down, deep down through the roots of the plant into the soil.

Turning, the Wicked Witch started off at a great rate toward the edge of the field and, at her very first stride, her huge feet came down upon the two daisies in which the Princesses were imprisoned and broke the stalks



They Still Hoped That Some Day Relief Would Come.

## Imitating Brother



Why Lucy Matilda Elizabeth Green! Your conduct is scandalous—what does it mean? Your hands to the ground and your heels in the air, And trying to stand on your head on a dare!

"You saw 'bruvver' do it?" Well what if you did? You surely don't think you can follow that kid?

Such "stunts" to a boy are as easy as pie. But it isn't the thing for young ladies to try. I'm glad that your mother was not here to see; I know she'd be shocked and I'm sure she'd scold me. So please don't attempt things you see brother do. Or there'll be lots of trouble a coming to you.

half-way up. Instantly the little maids were released and fell to the ground.

Now, Night, the Witch's evil Black Cat, had been strolling along behind his mistress and he straightway espied the two little Princesses, no bigger than a minute, lying on the ground. He thought they were bugs and had just started to gobble them up when something sharp pricked him on his back and he jumped about five hundred feet at one leap, howling with pain.

And before he landed upon earth again the Good Fairy—who had pricked him with her staff—snatched up the Princesses and bore them away to safety. Then she returned for the Prince and found him still hiding deep

down in the earth. She bore all three children away to her fairy bower and nursed them until they had again attained their normal size and good looks. Then, one night when the moon was hid, she placed them on her flying cobweb carpet and carried them back to the palace, tucking them away snugly in their beds.

The next morning old Nurse found them. And such a rejoicing as there was throughout all the kingdom! The whole land feasted for many days with the King and Queen supplying all the good things to eat and drink.

To this day no one knows what had become of the royal children nor how they happened to be found so miraculously in their little beds after having disappeared for so long a time. That is, no one except you and I, and that is because we still believe in fairies, don't you think?

### THE SMELL OF THE WOODS

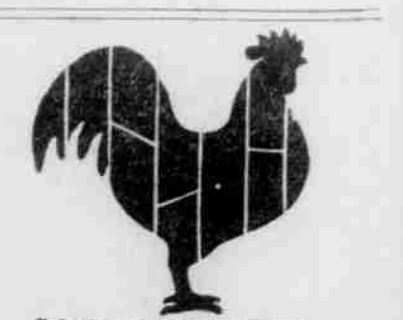
WHAT is your favorite perfume? I don't mean the scent that you buy in bottles (how I loved Florida Water when Mother used to put it on my handkerchiefs when I was a child!) but just the smells of—out-of-doors. A great smell, Stevenson, who was as much of a boy as a man when he grew up—also how could he have written "Treasure Island"?—thinks that "of all smells in the world the smell of many trees is sweetest and most fortifying. The sea has what he calls 'a rude, smelling sort of odour' (the smell, and makes you think of open water and tall ships, but the smell of a forest is both tonic and soft). The sea in this respect hasn't as much variety as has the forest with its many surprises and changes. Each hour of the day it is different and the different sorts of trees seem to live in an air of their own. If you are where the fir trees grow you will smell resin most strongly, but Stevenson tells us he was once in a forest in France called 'Norman' (there had been fighting there lately) just after it had been raining, and the delicate thing he sniffed with delight was roseberry. 'I wish our ways had always lain among the woods,' he says, wistfully, speaking of his river travels in France.

### Boys In Belgium

WHILE men and women in Belgium wait quietly, grave and unsmiling, for their deliverance from the enemy at their gates and in their homes the children have lighter hearts. It would mean swift punishment for their elders if they should mimic the Germans on the streets—but boys what should they do to laughing, teasing boys?

There is a true story of some of these small fry who stuck carrots in old bowler hats to represent the spikes of German helmets and at their leader's command of "On to Paris" did a goose-step backwards.

And here is another tale of a small boy who put on grandfather's spectacles, a pillow under his foot, and a card on his cap "Officer of the Land-sturm"—the latter being stout fathers of families acting mostly as guards or reservists. The conquerors wisely enough pretended not to notice the battalion which was taking Paris, but the "officer" who poked fun at the Land-sturm was chased into a doorway and got a box on the ears while his placard was taken from him. There is a moral to this tale: It's Never Wise to Mimic Dad if He's Around.



Solution to Rooster Puzzle.

## FRED AND NED ON MARS

Written by Frank R. Walton. Drawings by H.B. Levering.

### MAKING STARS.

Very soon Fred and Ned saw four men coming near. They were short little Goblins and looked very queer. Their heads were much bigger than heads ought to be. And their bodies were small and real funny to see. They each had a hammer quite heavy and long. And they wore leather aprons that looked very strong.

These Goblins walked up to young Neddy and Freddy. And said very loudly, "Come! Come! Are you ready?"

But the boys were so scared that just nothing they said. Except that young Ned merely shook his small head.

But the Goblins said, "Ho! Are you ready to go?" And then Fred said to them, "Why, I really don't know."

If you treat us both fair, we will go anywhere. One Goblin replied, "I'm your friend! Call me Midge!"

And the next one then said, "I'm your friend! Call me Squidge!"

And the third one declared, "I'm your friend! Call me Bodge!"

Then the last one now said, "I'm your friend! Call me Squidge!"

"We are glad," said the boys, "that some friends we have found, Though it's true that your names have a very queer sound! Our names we will tell you are Freddy and Neddy. And, of course, if you're friends, then we both are now ready."

To go walking with you and to see what you do With those hammers so long and those aprons so strong."

Then the Goblin named Midge and the Goblin named Squidge and the Goblin named Bodge and the Goblin named Squidge. All shouted at once, "We're the men who make stars."

By pounding and pounding on big golden bars! And that's why we four are so glad to meet you. For we need some new stars and there's much work to do. So please come with us to the place where we work. It's fun! Yes, indeed, and you won't want to shirk. And we'll show you two boys how to pound on the bars."

Till the gold all grows bright and you make shining stars! So Midge, Squidge, Bodge, Squedge, with their hammers so strong. Now led Fred and Ned for a distance quite long. Till they came to a place that was fiery and bright.

With a furnace that glowed with a very hot light; And inside of the very big room that was there Were bright bars of gold, all piled up with great care.

Then the Goblins took gold and they put quite a lot Inside of a very great big iron pot. And melted the gold in a fire very hot. Then they mixed in some stuff that was silvery white.

And stirred it all up, till it seemed to be right. And when it was cold, then they took out the gold. And then the four Goblins began now to pound All that gold on an anvil that near there was found.

And they pounded and pounded and pounded so long. And hammered and hammered and hammered so strong. That the bright golden bar soon became a new star.

But now little Ned, to the four Goblins said, "Oh, please won't you tell, for you really know well,

And put this new star in its place in the sky! And put it just right to be seen every night. For after a while it will grow big and bright."

Then said the white cloud, "I am really quite proud To take this young star to its place in the sky. And therefore I thank you and bid you good bye!"

Then back to the house now went Fred and young Ned. And each queer little Goblin with very big head.

And Fred and Ned worked all the rest of that day Till they learned to make stars in the very best way. They lived with the Goblins and thought it was fun. And they never felt tired when the day's work was done.

And they staid there a week and they made lots of stars. By melting and pounding these bright golden bars. But after a while, such a lot they had done. That they grew rather tired and they found it no fun.

And they said to the Goblins, "I guess we will go!" But the Goblins said, "Never! We four tell you, NO! And we'll keep you right here for each night without fail. We will put you inside of a big iron pall And the cover we'll fasten so tight, don't you see, That you'll have to stay here, for you cannot get free!"

And they started to grab Fred and Ned by the sleeve. But the boys clearly saw they had better now leave. So they ran from those four and skipped over the floor. And they dashed like a streak through the wide open door. Now, the Goblins came chasing and rapidly racing. And shouted and howled and called them bad names. And they threw red-hot nails they had heated in flames; But the boys ran so fast that they quickly had passed. Out of sight and they found on a green piece of ground. A stream that was cool and they both took a drink. And what did they see? Well, now, what do you think? Oh, No! I'll not tell you, for here I must end. But I'll tell you some more the next time, my dear friend.



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## Our Puzzle Corner

### ROOSTER PUZZLE.



Johnnie's big black rooster has flown over the fence. See if you can find him by cutting out the black spots between the slats and fitting them together.

**HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES.** Ed, Nat and Bob went fishing together. He inspected his berth and retried. "France," said a Frenchman, "is the greatest country in Europe." You compel Launcelot to fib by your mode of questioning.

**BEHEADINGS.** 1. Behead a narrative and get a drink. 2. Behead treatment or custom and get a wise man. 3. Behead to stagger and get a snake-like fish.

**ANSWERS.** **HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES:** Edna, Bertha, Frances, Ella. **BEHEADINGS:** Turkey. 1. Tale. 2. Usage-age. 3. Reel-eel. 4. Kilt-ill. 5. Ebony-dony. 6. Year-eer.

